habitants there was not one who attempted friendliness, scarcely one who would so much as smile in exchange for a greeting, and certainly not one who was physically beautiful. They all wore extremely ugly European dresses. The children would not play with you, and imps of five and six would hustle into clothing if you came upon them bathing.

Of a laughter-loving, brown-skinned, beautiful, indolent people, bathing in sea and river half the day and weaving wreaths for their hair the rest, there was no trace. There was a largely diseased or deformed scanty peasantry wresting a poor living from their tiny holdings or from the sea.

One's dealings were with Chinese storekeepers or Papeete tradesmen or American-speaking landlords or French officials. Life was simple in many ways, it is true : time did not matter ; conventions could be set at naught; the land was lovely, the

climate golden, the sea superb; but of the romance of a South Sea island there was practically no trace.

The first person I met who had the spirit of the Polynesian people in him was undoubtedly an American, an extremely educated man, with